

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Achieving The Levels"

(Ok I see how you doin' it, that was dope  
I got this gutter shit lined up, I know you ain't tired)

(What? Ha ha ha. Really?)

I ain't even tryin' or peekin'  
I just ripped a club down last weekend  
I'm no trick but I'm treating rappers like Halloween  
They all costume no substance and that's what hollow means  
They really empty like a lot of fiends  
They holding a hundred but they don't really know what a one dollar means  
They slaves to slave economies  
Sellouts and traitors posing as hip-hop, we got a lot of these  
So I be spittin' my philosophies with evidence  
No doubt this is the route so why the hesitance?  
Is it because I'm spittin' with divine intelligence and excellence and you hearing rhymes that are irrelevant?  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, KRS is how I'm spellin' it  
The top one of the top five and that's the end of it  
I judge my pen when I sentence it  
Then imprison your mind with my penmanship, but here's some better shit  
Get with me, you forgot? Let me jog your memory  
I'm a poor righteous teacher and a public enemy  
Fake ass DJs, they do not play or even mention me  
I'm scary, revolutionary. Fake? I will never be  
Real I'll forever be  
I'm a whole different entity  
I spit rhymes by the mouth and by telepathy  
Health love awareness and wealth, that's the recipe  
I'm 50 and 20 year olds can't match the energy  
On stage I'm in a rage, yeah it's like 10 of me  
Disrespect the teacher, you know the penalty  
KRS-One, I'm from a whole different century  
I'm paid in full so you can ch-ch-check out my melody  
Murderin' mics, they chargin' me with a felony  
But I can't be caught because the ancestors dwell in me  
Movin' with hesitancy when you mentionin' me  
I'm an original MC, get your T-I-C-K-E-T  
The mic grabber, beat stabber, street grammar, heat blaster  
I stay chunky and hungry so I eat faster  
Gobble gobble gobble most rappers are hollow  
So KRS-One becomes that hard act to follow  
Hard beats, hard rhymes, hard cuttin'  
"Wha-dot-dot-dot-dang!" gets the whole place jumpin'  
This is that original Boogie Down Productions  
Last of them true MCs that still function  
Boom bap, boom bap  
When the mic turns on, dudes be like, "Who's that?"  
Crowd rushin' in, security's like, "Move back!"

Real skill, that's what a lot of you lack  
I'm turnin' on my mic to reveal a new batch  
Rappers say they great, but compared to Kris, who match?  
Amber alert on the phone when you snatched  
How you a DJ? You ain't even start from scratch

(Yeah I know you waitin', I'm just messin' with the reverb a little bit, just keep goin' and I'll tell you when to stop)

You still here? It ain't over yet  
Knowledge reigns, so I'ma leave 'em soaking wet  
If you listenin' to a legend, this is what you supposed to get  
Real skill, my utmost respect, or a broken neck  
Flawless rawness I pour this through the cordless, all this is lawless  
I'm the tallest, people say, "Give me more Kris!"  
You can't ignore this you know you saw this, the extensive tallest is flawless  
We on this because dope is what they call this  
So from the gutter the number one, he comes from under from the hood when the hood was a hood and it  
peaked in summer  
We used to speak our rhymes to Funky Drummer  
We called it The Dozens, a competition of words, jokes about your mother  
Now knowledge reigning supreme like no other  
The soul brother whose beats and words so gutter  
No wonder this brother when he utters you don't blow  
Not with the gun though, with the one flow, you like, "Fuck no!"  
This no luck though, I'm one bro  
You can now catch me teaching in Brick City at 55 Ludlow  
Dudes be like, "Uh oh, we in trouble"  
King of the jungle, no time to mumble, kingdom's gonna crumble  
I step they stumble I be like bumble a one-two to run to a traitor like fuck you and bring the truck through  
I gets down but you can't see what I'm up to  
I'm tacklin' rappers like, "Hut one! Hut two!"  
When I come through

(Ok ok we good, let's change up the flow)